THE HICKMAN COURIER.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,

By GEORGE WARREN, Hickman, Ky.

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GEORGE WARREN, Editor.

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THE HICKMAN COURIER

The Oldest Newspaper in Western Kentucky.

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Fine Job Printing

—EXECUTED—

With Neatness and Dispatch

AT THE

COURIER OFFICE.

WE HAVE

GALE BILLS,

ENVELOPES,

LETTER-HEADS,

BILL-HEADS,

INVITATIONS,

ETC., ETC.

CALL AND SEE US.

OVER THE FENCE IS OUT.

In the noisy plays of our boyish days,
As we balked the ball about,
We had a rule, after hours of school,
That "Over the fence was out."
And though we are now, we think now and then
Of that rule of our childish day;
We feel its force, with a tinge of remorse,
In a way matter-of-fact than yore.

In struggle and greed, to supply ev'ry need,
We shoulder life's unequal burden;
And the gush of joy in the heartless boy
Is lost in the learned man.
We rear up false claims, we miss our best aims,
And go down in the noise and rout;
We find not too late, by not batting straight,
That "Over the fence is out."

We toil and we skip, we rear and we rip,
We barter, we mortgage, we sell;
We lend ev'ry will, we mount ev'ry hill
In our eagerness to reach home;
Our prospects are wrecked, our hopes disappointed,
We die a bleak bankrupt, to be hid
That "Over the fence is out."

—*Frank W. Sheafer, in Golden Age.*

A TIN-PEDDLER'S ADVENTURE.

My occupation through life has been any thing but peddling, but I do know what it is to be peddled. For the space of twelve years I retired from the business in Norwich, in the year 1881. I was eighty-three years old in February of the present year, and so far as I can learn, I am the oldest tin peddler in New England.

Peddlers in my early days were more highly esteemed than they are to-day. The back counties were then very sparsely settled, and accommodating peddlers, book-agents, Irish linen peddlers and all the rest of the genus, were unknown. The only peddler was the "Simon-pure" tin-peddler, who often carried, in addition to his stock of tinware, edibles, women's dress goods, needles, thread, jack-knives, writing-paper, lead-pencils and a score of other knick-knacks. I, in the beginning, was particularly in the business, and in the region where I lived, "tin" was the boy's name, was ten, fifteen, or twenty miles away, the tin-peddler was a welcome visitor—and welcomed.

For a number of years one of my routes lay through Oxford County, Maine, and Grafton, New Hampshire, thence out to Littleton, Franconia, Bethlehem, and round southward again, past Lake Winnipesaukee.

From 1861 to 1868, I peddled Old State money but by including within it Fend, N. H., and going on through Bristol, I managed to make it, and not be Colebrooked on the Pemigewasset River. And it was while making my round through that region, in the year 1867, that I had the adventure which I am about to speak, befell me.

I had reached Fend on the 3d of October, and at three days after the conferences of the 4th, to go through Dixville Notch." The distance from Fend to Colebrook is twenty miles, the road leading up the open valley of Clear Stream, a beautiful drive, particularly at this season, when the autumn foliage has taken on its most vivid tints.

As a peddler I had long since lost an eye for the beautiful in nature. I used always to enjoy the ride up to the notch, and also the notch itself, and I could hear the drops patter on the rocks. Still on, on, we went, through wooded intervals, and hemlock glens.

At last my good jacket horse stopped short and refused to move further, then heard my captor get off the cart and let down the horse's bars. Then a long time passed, and I began to get considerable irate. It was nearly night when I reached the long stretch of unoccupied land, before the village. But I wished to be at Colebrook the next day, so I drove on to reach a little tavern just through the notch, where I could stay until morning.

Soon after I heard wheels come behind me, and I recognized a noble, in unshakable Irish brogue, bawling out:

"Turn out! Is it asleep ye are in the middle of the road?"

Hearing that, I turned upon the cart doors and slid out. It was evening, dark and wet. An Irishman, and a remarkable one, was then trying to get past my cart.

"What place is this?" I asked.

"Why, sure, if ye don't know yourself, that ye can," replied the Irishman, laughing.

"Colebrook, Canada?"

"The same, to be sure! Faith, an the whisky has been too much for you."

I started and Charley Ross, with them, and asked the man to direct us to a tavern, if there was one. He kindly pointed out a little French inn, to me, with some difficulty, I managed to make my wants known, and obtained lodging and food for myself and my poor horse.

It was three days before I was able to make my way back to Colebrook.

Of my capture I never saw or heard anything further. He was probably I have always conjectured, a Canadian emissary, who, being hard pressed in Union detectives, took this novel, and the unpleasant, method of outwitting them at the Dixville tavern and on my road into Canada. I still have his coat hat and knife, and have a reminiscence of his free ride with me, in my partnership, as the reader may choose to regard it.—*Youth's Companion.*

Two Curious Needles.

The King of Prussia recently visited a needle manufactory in his kingdom in order to see what machinery, even in the human hand, could produce. He was shown a number of superfine needles, thousands of which, together, did not weigh half an ounce, and marveled how such minute objects could pass through an eye. But he was to see that in this respect even something still finer and more perfect could be created. The lower part is the workman whose business it is to bore the eyes in these needles—asked for a hair from the monarch's head. It was readily given and with a smile. He placed it at once under the boring machine, made a hole in it, and, greatest care, furnished it with a thread of silk, and lo! the singular needle to the astonished King.

The second curious needle is in the possession of Queen Victoria. It was made at the celebrated needle manufactory at Redditch, and represents the column of Trajan in miniature. This well-known Roman column is adorned with numerous sculptures in relief, which immortalize Trajan's heroic actions in war. On this diminutive needle, seen in the life of Queen Victoria are represented in relief, but so finely and so small that it requires a magnifying glass to see them. The eye of the needle can, moreover, be opened; it contains a number of needles of smaller size, which are equally adorned with scenes in relief.—*The Household.*

—The New York *Times* recommends that sleeping car porters be directed to wake up the snorers whose snorts make night on a sleeping car a season of horror. The advice of the *Times* is timely, but a more silent and effectual mode would be to fill the porter's pockets with clothes pins, one of which quietly strided upon a sonorous bugle would silence its clarion notes forever.—*Detroit Post.*

Feeding Horses.

As a whole, we who feed stock can not be accused with having reduced feeding to a science with respect to any of our domestic animals. But it is probably true that our eyes have to be opened more intelligently than they do other kinds of stock in feeding cattle, swine and sheep we have a very distinct object in view, however far we may come from accomplishing it. We are supposed to aim at turning food into animal products, and to produce the most of such products from the least possible amount of food. That is the theory of feeding. We are supposed to aim at the saving of food, but in practice we know that our food does not generally enter into our calculations at all. We dump so much of whatever comes the most handy into the manger and feed-box, and never stop to count the cost. We think many will plead guilty to that charge without any hesitancy; and we presume that every one of us has thrown away handfuls of dollars through the manger. It is said to be a fact that there are only two experiments on record as to the feed required to make a pound of growth in colts, and certainly we have never seen any except these. Yet the feeding of horses in the best and at the same time economical way, is one of the means of making money on the farm. Where large numbers of horses are employed it is only justifiable by the nature of the business of which they are a part, or constitute a study of the subject. If the great Eastern express companies and the horse-railroads of our cities, and the great stock farms of our farmers do they would have their large dividends cut down very precipitately. Yet they have experimented until they believe they have discovered that the cheapest food they can keep their horses on, is the food which produces the most profit. We have yet to see the experiment made on record, which shows that a horse is strengthened or fattened by the food

THE HICKMAN COURIER.
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY
GEORGE WARREN,
HICKMAN, KENTUCKY.
FRIDAY, JULY 25, 1883

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR,
J. PROCTOR KNOTT,
of Lincoln County.

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,
J. B. HINDMAN,
of Adair County.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,
T. N. HARDIN,
of Breathitt County.

FOR AUDITOR,
FAYETTE HEWITT,
of Hardin County.

FOR TREASURER,
JAMES W. TATE,
of Franklin County.

FOR SUPERINTENDENT PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,
JOSEPH DISMA PICKETT,
of Fayette County.

FOR REGISTER OF THE LAND OFFICE,
J. G. CECIL,
of Pike County.

Jo Blackburn speaks at Clinton, Friday, July 27th.

Walton was damaged $10,000 by the storm last Thursday.

Hon. Jo. McDonald, prominent candidate for President, is a saddler.

President Arthur will open the Louisville Exposition on Aug. 1st.

In their platforms, both the Democratic and Republican parties recommend the people to vote for a Constitutional convention.

It is said at Washington that all the vacancies in the department are filled, and there is no use for office seekers applying. A gilt edged martyr might find room.

The Graves county papers make no report of the canvass for State Senator. The candidates are in that county, speaking, but we hear no report of the progress of the canvass.

Henry Houston late Republican candidate for congress, and A. M. Hardy, late Republican editor at Paducah, had a fight last week, and Houston shot at Hardy. Why do these men fight? The only reason assigned is that they are *Republicans*.

The trade dollar is worth only eighty-five cents; but it has more silver than the legal dollar. Remember, you that lose fifteen cents, that the Republicans made this a dollar and then went back on it.

Houston and Hardy are fowling with with each other about party fealty, as we learn. Some weeks ago these worthies were rampant for old man Case's official head and had him kicked headlong out of the Hitchman presidency for alleged lack of fealty. Thus fellows have a mutual distrust of each other.

Lush Anderson's son has been appointed Supervisor of Mails, out West, at a salary of $4000. The father denounced Arthur's administration at the Republican State convention, and it was given out that he would receive the state as support of his views. Lush's friends heard on the stump since the appointment of the son.

The late Republican candidate for Congress and the late Republican editor of Paducah got into a fight, and the Congressman shot at the editor missing him. The Judge fined the Congressman $5 (for missing), and the editor $10 (for being missed). If they could, each, have fired a center shot, the Judge would doubtless have given each a chrome.

Ex-Senator Thurman, who stands at the top of the ladder as a statesman, wants to go back to farming, and says that the great regret of his life is that he ever quit the plow-handles. Many plowboy looking at this great man with his great honors, will be incredulous! Thurman wants to be a plow-boy, the Democrats were love to be President; and the Governor thinks that greater than either is to be Allen O. Thurman.

There are many reasons why the people should vote for a new constitution in August, and but one argument against it, the argument being that the constitution fishers might make it worse. This is a reflection on the capacity of the people, and might just as well be offered against the election of members of the State Legislature or members of congress. "They might make it worse," to be sure, but then is the risk the people take in a republican government.

Gen. Tom Thumb Dead.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., July 15.—Charles Raymond Stratton, better known as "Gen. Tom Thumb," died at his residence this morning of apoplexy. He had been slightly ill a few days, but nothing serious was anticipated. The deceased was born at Bridgeport, Jan. 4, 1838. At the age of fourteen he entered the service of P. T. Barnum, and remained with him before the public. He leaves a widow, who has been on the stage with him since his marriage in 1863.

"Hands Off!"

Olive Logan, who ought to be considered good authority on any subject she writes about, gives the following good advice to young girls:

"A woman's safe guard is to keep a man's hands off her. If you need his assistance in walking take his arm instead of his taking yours. Just tell him in plain English to 'hands off!' He may dislike it at first, but he will respect you in the future ten-fold more.

The Chicago Tribune asserts that gentlemen do not carry pistols, and that bullies and cowards generally do. To this the Frankfort Tribune replies: "It is doubtful whether an abolition of the constitutional right of a citizen to bear arms would result as the Tribune seems to think." Both of these papers are wrong. Sometimes a gentleman is obliged to carry a pistol in self-defense. So it is not true, our fair, is say that every man who carries a pistol is not a gentleman.—[Louisville Democrat.

The Kentucky pistol law is a failure, because it is contrary to public sentiment. The present law imposes a fine and imprisonment in the county jail for carrying a concealed deadly weapon. Public sentiment regards the imprisonment penalty as too harsh, in a majority of cases, and hence the law is seldom enforced. The imprisonment part should be left off—left discretionary with the jury.

Dirt Road Democracy.

"The Republicans charge that Kentucky is not being developed, and is non progressive, under Democratic rule.

Well, let the people compare Democratic rule in Kentucky with Republican rule in other States, since the war, and let us stand or fall by the comparison.

The Democrats have held uninterrupted rule in Kentucky since 1865, and never a dollar has been stolen, and not even the Republicans make any such charges. This shows *honesty*, does it?

Now, compare this with Republican rule in Georgia, South Carolina, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Tennessee, where the very air reeked with corruption as all know. There is no use denying these facts. Republicans, as individuals, may be just as honest as democrats, but the policy of their party leads to extravagance in public affairs, and temptation to corruption.

Democratic rule in Kentucky has built no great railways by State aid, or taken no other gigantic internal improvement scheme, but it has been honest and economical.

It has increased the free school tax 15 cents since the war, and when it has been slow in building school houses, it so happens that no one has taken the fund as happened in Tennessee under the Brownlow Republican rule.

Vote for Knott and the Dirt Road Democracy."

An illustrative of the spirit in which the new Republican note approaches us work in the Purchase, we give the people the benefit of the following:

NOTICE!

HON. W. O. BRADLEY,

The eagle orator of the Republican party of Kentucky, will, on the 16th day of July, it being county court day, at the Court House in Mayfield, expose to the public gaze the rottenness and putrefaction of the Democratic party in Kentucky since the 19th day of Oct., 1865. Come but, ye erring Democrats, and near the dark knell of your party, and at the same time view its putrid and rotten carcass, hear how the money that has been wrung from the hands of the toiling people has been wasted and squandered. Come and hear the truth as well as the most argumentative speech that was ever made or ever will be made in the city of Mayfield. If any Democrat has the cheek to ask for divisions of time it will be most readily and cheerfully granted him.

Fighting Yellow Fever.

The yellow fever at Callao and Lima is causing serious mortality. A correspondent at Callao writes:

"The authorities continue to employ every means known to modern science to fight the germs of the much feared epidemic, which, thanks to this end, has not broken out with the violence which was at first feared. The city at night appears like a vast cemetery, from the number of bonfires which are kept burning, and truly it may be said that a battle is being waged against an invisible though formidable enemy, over whom victory is certain."

Getting Ready to Go.

From the New York Sun.]

It is admitted that in the States which lie along the waters of the Mississippi the Republican party is in a broken condition, and will fare badly in the fall elections. This will exert a strong influence in favor of the Democrats in the Presidential struggle of next year.

In Ohio the Republicans, Greenbackers, Prohibitionists, Stalwarts, Half-breeds, Liberals, Prohibitionists and Independents are trying to patch up a crazy truce; but it is all on the same *fake*, and will break out afresh on slight provocation.

In New Jersey Senator Sewell and Senator Robinson lead Stalwart factions, whose quarrels distract the party in every county of the State. The Republicans will fall an easy prey to the Democrats in the contest for Governor this year.

The Stalwarts of New York are not investing heavily in the superficial effervescence called Arthurism. If the Half Breeds imagine that the funds of last year have died out, the bolters from Folger will find to the contrary even after the polls close in November.

It is much the same in most of the New England States. The party is sullen in Connecticut and Rhode Island, and sour in Massachusetts and Maine; and though Vermont may not be shaken, the Republicans of New Hampshire seem likely to go to pieces over the question of Senator, provided the Democrats stand by their nominees.

In a word, the Republican party appears to be getting ready to go in 1884.

The Old Ticket

Washington Special to Cincinnati Enquirer.]

The boom for the old ticket of Tilden and Hendricks seems to be gathering new force every day, and enthusiastic politicians are free to admit that it would sweep the country by an unprecedented majority. The New York Times of to-day contains an important interview by one of its correspondents with an old and intimate friend of Mr. Tilden, apropos to the announcement that leading Democrats throughout the State of New York are favoring the nomination of the "old ticket." This gentleman states that he is personally advised of Mr. Tilden's views and purposes regarding his nomination for the Presidency, and that "he is satisfied that he views his public career as a matter so absolutely in the control of the public decision that he will hardly shrink the event of renomination in regard to the idea of an excessive strain upon his physical condition he has been fully prepared for any contingency of this kind, not merely by his rapid restoration to health and vigor, but by his change of relations to such a campaign, should it occur. At one time, not long since, even his immediate followers considered the idea of his further leadership, and went to work their fortunes in other directions. But that Mr. Tilden would respond in the affirmative to a proper demand by the party and people, there is not a particle of doubt."

Mr. Hendricks' willingness to accept a position on the ticket is treated as a significant event.

Pay Or Pitch Out.

From Richmond (Ky.) Herald.

The Radicals nudged the Democrats and pinch and pinkaw because they have seen a magnificent capitol at Frankfort. Thereby hangs a tale. Hon. Henry Tyler, of Fulton county was elected to the State Senate. Living on the edge of border, his way to Kentucky's capitol city lay through Tennessee. The Tennessee Legislature was in session when he got there and a Senator exhibited with a great deal of pride the beautiful capitol building and carried to Mr. Tyler, who admired the structure very much, said, with a twinkling smile, "I understand you have an old barn down at Frankfort, Kentucky, for a capitol building." Mr. Tyler looked his square in the face and with that glance of his that can be pleasantly unsettling when he wants it to be, replied, "Almost as you say is true; *but we pay for it.*" Shame blushed the cheek of Tennessee's statesman, for he knew that his people were about to repudiate the State's debt, part of which was contracted to build the beautiful structure. Horrah, for dirt road Democracy, and honesty and Tyler too!

State Politics.

From the Courier-Journal.

It is the publicly expressed opinion of the Republican campaigners that Kentucky is going to the devil, that crime increases, that property is depreciating, that taxes are eating us up, filling the alms-houses and feeding the tramps on to all our roads. The remedy for this reign of pauperism is, of course, to install the Republican party in control at Frankfort.

The census returns will discourage all those who favor this remedy. Kentucky's population, 1,648,690; Massachusetts, 1,783,085; Indiana, 1,978,301; Ohio, 3,198,062; Pennsylvania, 4,282,891.

Now, we would naturally expect, from the Republican speeches, that the pauper in Kentucky would be three to one in Massachusetts and Indiana, eight times in Ohio and push Pennsylvania for the first place. Somehow the census does not bear out the impression created by Mr. Bradley and Col. Morrow; on the contrary, quite the reverse.

In Kentucky we have 2,059 paupers, or one to 800 of the population. In Indiana there are 2,966, or one to every 500 of the population. In Ohio there are 7,463, or one to every 430. In Pennsylvania, there are 12,646, or one to every 339 of the population. In Massachusetts, there are 8,428 paupers, or one to every 228 inhabitants.

We see, therefore, that accrediting to population paupers are almost twice as numerous in Ohio as in Kentucky, sixty per cent. greater in Indiana, and almost two and a half to one in Pennsylvania, and about the same in Massachusetts. This certainly will not lead us to adopt the laws in force in those States; it will not induce Kentucky to change its government and substitute the principles of the Republican party for those which have governed us so long.

It is not contradicted by any one, certainly if not by the Courier-Journal, that our laws are perfect, or that in the administration of them no improvements can be devised. We have from time to time pointed out abuses, we have shown where the laws were oppressive, we have criticised our State officers and our Legislature, but during all these years it has never once occurred to us that there could possibly be any advantage in a change of parties. The Democrats are entirely competent to deal with all the public questions at they arise. The Democratic methods are altogether preferable to the methods of the Republicans. The Democratic record is in every respect cleaner and whiter than that made by the Republicans. Our party is the party of progress, the party most patriotically devoted to the best interests of the State; the party which has reformed abuses in the past, and which can be trusted to do the same in the future.

Much complaint has been made by the Republicans about the expenses in criminal cases, but these abuses, if they are abuses, flourish most in Republican counties. Take the Republican counties of Christian, Garrard, Grenup, Harlan, Jackson, Johnson, Knox, Laurel, Leslie, Lewis, Pulaski, Rockcastle, Rowan and Whitley, and we find that in these fourteen counties, with a voting population of 26,776, the number of paid witnesses in felony cases in 1881 was $10,597.56. Now, compare these with the Democratic counties of Ballard, Bracken, Calloway, Carroll, Davies, Grant, Graves, Hardeman, Kenton, Logan, Mason, McCracken, Owen and Warren, fourteen, with a voting population of 56,490, and we find that though the number of voters is more than twice as great as in the fourteen Republican counties the amount paid witnesses is just one-half, or $5,246.35. In the Republican counties there is one idiot to every 135 voters, and in the Democratic counties there is only idiot to every 724 voters, and the fact that a man votes the Republican ticket is not yet prima facie evidence that he is an idiot. Again, in these fourteen Democratic counties the expenses of the State Government aggregate $22,115.29, while in the Republican counties the expenditures exceed $22,000 in round figures.

Approach the subject as we will, the official figures all confirm a Republican in administration of affairs, whether in Kentucky, Indiana, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Massachusetts, or municipal as in Philadelphia. The fruit of the serpent is ever then all.

White, of Kentucky.

John D. White, the wild-eyed, long-haired, wandering cyclone of the immortal Tenth Congressional district, will do campaign work for the Republicans in Eastern Kentucky. He is about forty, five years old, the husband of an invalid wife, and was born and raised at Mt. Sterling. Though a political crank, he came by it honestly, as his father and brother were both cranks and both committed suicide. John D. White, Sr., his uncle, was at one time a member of the House of National Representatives. When the time drew near for him to make his first speech, he was deeply impressed by business affairs, and requested a friend to write him a short address. The friend, for a joke, copied the famous and beautiful valedictory speech of Aaron Burr. White delivered it, and never discovered the joke until the newspapers began to poking fun at him. His mortification was so great that he lost his brains out, and I believe that should ever John D. White, Jr., receive an overwhelming political defeat he will kill himself. This belief is entertained by many who know him.

A War Cloud in the East.

The threatening relations between England and France, aggravated by the course of the French commander in Madagascar, Admiral Pierre, forbids a British Consul, whose death it is claimed was precipitated by the order of his recall

LOCAL NEWS.

FOR THE STATE SENATE.

We are authorized to announce T. J. FILMORE, of Graves county, as a candidate to represent the counties of Hickman, Fulton and Graves, in the next Senate of Kentucky, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce C. M. VAUGHAN as a candidate to represent the counties of Hickman, Fulton and Graves, in the next Senate of Kentucky, subject to the action of the Democratic party. Election August next.

We are authorized to announce B. B. WALKER, of the county of Fulton, as a candidate to represent the counties of Hickman, Fulton and Graves, in the next Senate of Kentucky.

For the Legislature.

We are authorized to announce GID. J. BIRNEY, of Hickman county, as a candidate to represent Hickman and Fulton counties in the Lower House of the next Ky. Legislature.

Mr. Fred Heinsohn, of Nashville, Tenn., is in the city visiting friends.

You can get DENTAL SCOTCH SNUFF, either plain or sweet.

The hog law was voted down in Madison county 10 to 1.

Try DENTAL SCOTCH SNUFF; it is superior to any other, and will preserve the teeth.

Mrs. Wm. McCutchen and daughter, Miss Emma, left Thursday, for an extended visit to Kansas, Texas.

Mrs. T. P. Fortune and Miss Mary Lanier, left Thursday morning, for a summer visit to Highbaum, Tenn.

Now is your time to procure your bargains in Straw Goods.

FLAUT BROS. & CO.'S

The Hickman calyped people are engaged for an excursion on Aug. 4th, from Hickman to Cairo and return. Fare for round trip, $2.

Hon. Wat Hardin met Col. Bradley, of Mayfield, and will meet him in all his campaign appointments. The Democrats are enthusiastic over Hardin's oratory.

Miss Fannie Everett and Miss Sallie Cheatham, who have been visiting relatives here, returned to their home, at Union City, Thursday morning.

The young people of Obion county are announced for a grand picnic, near Reelfoot church, on July 26th, and a glad time generally is promised visitors.

Nice and complete stock of School, Blank and other Books, just received, at FORTUNE'S DRUG STORE.

Miss Louie Powell, after an extended visit to relatives in Cairo, returned to Hickman, Wednesday, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Gholson, of Cairo.

GRAVOGNEY, Fancy Goods, Chemicals (at $1.25 each), and other goods, just received and for sale cheap, at FORTUNE'S DRUG STORE.

Mr. Robert McNeily and Jas. Carman, of Hickman, assisted in organizing a lodge of Odd Fellows, at Fulton, Monday, with a very flattering membership. It is to be known as Frank Carr Lodge.

The prettiest, cheapest, and best of everything in the Drug and Medicine line, can be had at FORTUNE'S DRUG STORE.

The colored people had a grand barbecue and excursion near Hickman, Saturday last. There were between 1000 and 2000 colored people on hand, and the day was duly and properly celebrated. The Troy band (colored) made the music for the occasion, and considering the large crowd everything passed off orderly. A little excitement occurred late in the evening, but the difficulty was soon quieted.

Mason's gallon Fruit Jars at $1 50cts. Mason's " " " " " " " " $1.25.

MUSE & SHAW'S.

Kate Vincent, aged three, died at the Anchorage Asylum, July 14th. She was sent from Hickman as a lunatic. Judge H. C. Bailey notified by telegraph of her death. She has a brother living at Hickman, but their whereabouts is not known.

Remember we can sell you Sewing Machines, from five to thirty five dollars.

T. P. FORTUNE & CO.

How many Kentuckians will sell their property for cash at the price the assessor assesses it? Very few. The fault appears all along the line, and is not to be placed on individuals, voting precincts, or counties, but needs to be made uniform from one end of the State to the other.

Plant Bros. & Co. are offering their entire stock of Coats, Boys and Childrens Straw Hats at cost prices.

The prospects for a healthy summer in the south are splendid. The cities of Memphis, New Orleans, Mobile, and other places, are reported clean and in good sanitary condition. Yellow fever is in Mexico and Cuba, but so far it has not a good foothold on a point of United States soil, this season.

Best Coal Oil at 20c a gallon; Elaine Oil at 25c a gallon; at FORTUNE'S DRUG STORE.

Jennie Bennett, a colored woman who lived in East Hickman, took an overdose of morphine Monday, which infected in her death. She had been suffering from neuralgia, went to the drug store and got some morphine, took an overdose, and is supposed to be physicianless when she took the fatal dose. She was an industrious, hard working woman, and leaves two small children.

Purple & Cohen are Wholesale Agents for DENTAL SCOTCH SNUFF.

Read the not published elsewhere call for a constitutional convention. Every intelligent voter should make up his mind to vote for this proposition, and all who favor it should take pains to inform his friends and neighbors. The proposition has heretofore been defeated through lack of interest. Kentucky needs a new constitution, and every voter should cast his vote in favor of it.

Ask your merchant for DENTAL SCOTCH SNUFF; it will preserve the teeth.

H. S. Tyndall, charged as an accomplice in the Colbert—Hart case, reported in last week's Column as having left the country, we are reliably informed, is at home, and has never left, his friends assuring that he intends to remain and stand his trial. His friends now who believed him guilty upon the claiming trial, now claim that he will be able to make his innocence appear.

Try us on Lewis, Oils, Mixed Paints, &c., before purchasing elsewhere.

T. P. FORTUNE & CO.

The music and amusement loving citizens of Hickman will be pleased to note that Prof. Will James, well known to most of our older citizens, has accomplished musician and teacher of music, has returned to Hickman, and will open a dancing school. In addition to the well established reputation of Prof. James in the exercise of his profession as known in this community, he has had large experience the past 8 or ten years, and bears praiseworthy testimonials from the leading places where he has taught. We hope to see him liberally patronized.

Nine-times out of ten when a law is not enforced, it is because the people don't want it enforced. This is the main trouble with the Kentucky assessment laws. See it illustrated in temperance laws, where, in some places they are disgraceful failures, and, in others, praiseworthy success. In Clinton, local option is said to be a success, because public sentiment there is backed by large school interest; whereas, in Hickman it was not a success, because a majority of the people were opposed to it—thought it injurious to trade without corresponding good.

Tiptonville, Tenn., was visited by a cyclone Thursday evening last, by which nearly every house in that village was shore or less damaged. Some houses were blown down, others unroofed, and it is said that not a house in town escaped being injured in some shape. The store of Auberg, Harper & Sons, Arnett, Tipton, and others, were drenched in the pouring rain, and some of them damaged beyond description. The damage to a majority of the stocks is described as equal to first-class fire. The cyclone was approached from the direction of Point Pleasant, and another from down the river, and the opposing currents met right at Tiptonville. Mr. A. M. DeBow, of Hickman, who was in Tiptonville, reports the storm scene as fearful. It lasted about thirty minutes. A large number of citizens took refuge in a deep ditch or ravine that runs through the town, and close standing in water, knee-deep, found safety from the hurling timbers and debris that filled the air. A number of houses at Point Pleasant, and Mellen, Mo., were blown down. The Raymond Lumber Mill, on Reelfoot lake, was totally destroyed. The damage to farms and farm houses were so widespread that it is impossible to get correct reports.

Prof. Will James and Lady of Austin, Texas, have arrived in this town. The Professor will open a dancing school for the benefit of ladies and gentlemen. Misses and Masters, in all the most fashionable dances. Persons desiring their children may rely upon the most pains taken in dancing as the Professor's reputation is at stake. Terms, for a session of 16 lessons: Lessons per week, Gentlemen $10. *Terms strictly in advance.* (Left Hickman). The Professor will teach all the late and favorite dances, among which appear the following:

NEWPORT RACQUET, LA BELLE
GLIDE POLKA
NEWPORT GALLOP,
NEW SCHOTTISCHE,
1STLAND CITY LANCERS,

and all other dances usually taught in a fashionable Dancing Academy.

It is a fact that the value of property as assessed in Kentucky now is $6,927,257 less than it was in 1880, and yet everybody knows that such is not the real truth. It is this much less not counting the then negro property. They say it is the fault of the assessment law, and a majority of our people have so voted. In truth, it is the fault of the people, in undervaluing their property, and not the fault of the law. The average citizen never thinks of assessing his property at its real value and the citizen's destitution is made to justify another.

Crazy Mother Kills Her New-born Babe—The Negro Father Said to be an Accomplice

On Thursday morning a negro woman by the name of Jane Puckett, who has been living in East Hickman, was discovered in an apparently crazy condition of mind, boisterous and shrieking about her child. City Marshal Hockett arrested and lodged her in jail. Previous to her raving condition it had been ascertained that she had given birth to an illegitimate child. The woman asserts that the child was of premature birth, and that she did not kill it. Indications exist that the reputed father of the woman's children put her up to the horrid deed, but the real facts are not known, and the suspicions are so revolting as to prevent a full publication. The examining trial will be held to day, when, perhaps, the facts will be ascertained. The woman, Jane Puckett, is an industrious and hard-working negro, and a harmless, inoffensive creature, and the facts may be as she represented them.

Council Proceedings.

Hickman, Ky., July 3rd, 1888.

Council met, present, Mayor McCutchen, Councilmen Beckman, Moore, French, Stephens, Shaw and Winfrey.

The minutes of the last meeting were read, approved and signed.

ACCOUNTS ALLOWED.

The following accounts were presented properly approved, and on motion were allowed:

R. E. Miller, street pay roll, two weeks, ... $40.00.
R. F. Thomason, jail fees—Nichols, 4.00
J. Amberg's sons, sundries, ... 4.88

CITY HALL.

The City Hall Committee asked further time to report, which on motion, was granted.

GRAVEL AND LUMBER.

On motion, the street committee ordered to contract for gravel and lumber.

On motion council adjourned.

ATTEST. R. E. MILLER, C. C.

"Two of a Kind."

(Paducah Sun.)

Yesterday Mr. Dan saw a small steer, and in order to haul some wood concluded to yoke himself up with the steer. After getting himself properly geared, up the hill they went for wood. And, having gone to the top of the hill, they came the same frightened and started down at a rapid gait. Dan in his efforts to stop the steer, frightened it worse, and away they went, the further the faster dell it length they struck the road, and in that short run Dan being compelled to run his best to prevent his partner from injuring and injuring him. At the last he saw a man coming, and cried out at the top of his voice: "Head us, or we'll kill one of 4——I feel sclved!" But his friend not being able to stop them on they went, John Dillon like, until they came to the river, when the steer proceeded to cross, and as John saw a good chance and more him of being drowned if his partner's intentions were carried out, caught hold of a root and held on for dear life with such a grip that his companion was at last brought to a halt. Then a man appeared on the scene, when John called to him to come to their rescue: "Come slow," says John, "we are skewed, an, you'll scare us again."

Finally the friend got up to them and took hold of John's hand to unyoke him, when John exclaimed: "D——n it, unyoke the bull, I'll stand!"

A Terrific Storm Visits Tiptonville and Vicinity—No Lives Lost.

From Tiptonville Star.]

Lake county has just passed through one of the most trying ordeals that ever afflict a country. Right upon the heels of two successive overflows comes a tornado, more destructive in its nature and greater in the loss of property. Thursday evening will long be remembered as the occasion of one of the most terrific calamitiques that has ever visited Tiptonville and vicinity. The day had been unusually warm, and the air was close and suffocating, which is always taken as indicative of a storm. But who dreamed of such a fearfulness towards as visited us? No one thought of such; and the quickness with which it came upon us prevented many a father from reaching his helpless wife and child, but kept him in dread suspense until the maddened elements were pacified. About six o'clock yesterday evening the first indications of the storm were visible in the west, just across the river. The wind came from the west first, accompanied by considerable rain, and continued for about fifteen minutes. The force of the storm abated for a second or two, when the wind changed 45 the north, and came upon us with redoubled fury. The agents of the town presented a terrible sight. Boxes, barrels, boards, shingles, and everything movable, were being hurled through the strifed and in the air with lightning-like rapidity. Those who were in the stores and other houses dared not venture out, for certain death awaited them. They would have been carried through the air and dashed into certainty against houses and trees. No such tornado was ever witnessed by any inhabitants here, as far as we can learn. There were no lives lost, and fortunately no serious personal injuries sustained of any consequence. Mr. Tom Cunningham was struck by a falling limb while in his way home from town, but not seriously injured. The destruction to property is inestimable at the present writing, as those who are injured cannot estimate their losses until a few days later. The loss to property in town is nominal and small compared to the injury sustained by the farmers. The storm was general throughout the county, but its main force was limited to a space about a mile wide, in the vicinity of Tiptonville. All advanced or early corn in the wake of the tornado is almost entirely destroyed being broken off and twisted up by the roots. The later corn is not so badly injured, although it is blown down, but it is supposed that it will rise up and bear a good crop. Fences in this neighborhood were blown to the ground, and trees, three, four and five feet in diameter were twisted in two, ten, fifteen and twenty feet above the ground, and some were blown completely down, taking up with their roots an immense amount of ground, leaving holes in the earth ten or twelve feet deep.

Biting Girls.

(Padgett News.)

For untold centuries young men have been accustomed to being bitten by young women and enjoining the affliction without a murmur. There is something so irresistibly charming in the pearly teeth of a beautiful girl that the average young man permits her to bite him as much and as often as she pleases. Indeed many a smitten youth would think nothing of traveling several miles on an impromptu Sunday night on purpose to be bitten by his sweetheart; and some of them, perhaps, would consider themselves badly treated if the young lady should neglect to bite. The News declines to warn its youthful male readers to be careful, however, when indulging in this delightful past time in the future. It does not know whether it is a new kind of a current of species of chewing gum the girls have got hold of, but there's danger even in the most delicate nip from the teeth of beauty at this time.

At an evening party in St. Joseph, Mo., only a short time since, according to the Gazette of that place, a young fellow and beautiful girl from one of the upper circles, were struggling for the possession of a trinket. The girl sank her ivory teeth into the fleshy part of the young man's arm. He politely concealed his pain until an opportunity offered, and in moving his garments, blood was found trickling from the wound. Next morning the lacerated arm was swollen to twice its natural size, and he was laid up for several days. The St. Joseph paper, in relating the accident, refers to another and worse one of similar nature that occurred at Cape Girardeau a few years ago, in which a young gentleman actually died from a playful bite on his thumb by a young lady.

Young man, beware! The next time a beautiful girl attempts to bite you, remonstrate with her kindly but firmly. If she still insists in practicing the time honored custom, take to your heels, unless she should have you in the corner, when you would be justified in either drawing your revolver or calling for the police.

"Do I Love Thee."

"Do I love thee?"
Ask of the lone
Hill crown'd with the flame of spring,
Ask of the lone
Hill crown'd with the flame of spring
The answer they return to thee—
I love,
And thinkest thou,
Maria.

"Do I love thee?"
Ask of the sea,
If it loves not the wind's shrill blast,
Ask of the sea
If it loves not the deep-deep's blast
The answer they return to thee—
I love,
And thinkest thou,
Maria.

"Do I love thee?"
Ask of the sky
Look in my eyes and read love there;
Ask of the sky
And hear it text in sad despair.
The answer they return to thee—
I love,
And thinkest thou,
Maria.

Hickman Markets.

CORN—New Orleans quotations 65c to 67c for mixed white. None offering in Hickman and no consumers.

WHEAT—The Hickman market is sound to the core on prices for wheat. In good milling condition, it ranges, having paid this week as high as 95 cents. They paid 90 cents for Illinois, 88c. St. Louis quotes No. 2 at from $1.86c to $1.10c; and Nashville does even better yesterday quoting No. 2 at $1.12 to $1.15c. The bulk of the wheat of Fulton county, handled elsewhere than Hickman, is going to the Nashville markets.

APPLES—Apples are steady at $4.00c on the tree, and $2.50c ready for shipment.

WOOL is very dull, and only an occasional sale coming to market. Nashville quotes unwashed 18 to 20c; choice tub washed 31 to 33c; dingy 27 to 28c; and berry from 5 to 10c.

CHICKENS—$2.50 to $2.50c a dozen.

EGGS—Nashville quotes eggs at from 70 to 75c per barrel.

Sanitary Sleeping.

Dr. B. W. Richardson protests against the double bed. He maintains that the system of double beds which two persons sleep in, always to some extent unhealthful. Each little child, even, should have its own little bed. Not two children are constituted so as to require the same kind of bed clothing and the same kind of bedding. Not children or persons can sleep under the same covering without the most of them being disturbed from fear to the other, by movement, position or drug of clothing. Beyond these disturbances, there is the mixing of the exhalations of emanations from the breath. At some time or other the breath of one of the persons must in some degree, affect the other; the breath is heavy, disagreeable; it may be so intolerable that in waking up, the person is compelled to rise, or would be sickening soon after a short exposure to it. Here in bed, with the senses locked up, the disagreable odor may not be realized; but assuredly, because it is not detected, it is not less injurious. Moreover, under the single bed system it is rendered impossible to place very old and very young people to sleep together. To the young this is a positive blessing, for there is no practice more deleterious to them than to sleep with the aged. The vital warmth that is so essential for their growth and development is robbed from them by the aged, and they are enfeebled at a time when they are least able to bear the enfeebleness.

It takes 500,000 pounds of chewing tobacco a year to supply the United States army.

Mr. Knott has been suffering severely from neuralgia ever since he opened the campaign, but he has met every appointment, and has never failed to capture his audience.

The cholera is killing off the Egyptians at a frightful rate—several hundred a day. And yet the Egyptian government declines the proffered assistance of Europe.

There is no truth in the report that two deaths from yellow fever have taken place at Memphis. The only cases of the disease known to exist in the United States are at Ship Island, in the Gulf of Mexico.

It is thought at Washington that the decision of Postmaster General Gresham, denying the Louisiana State Lottery the use of the mails, deals a deathblow to that and all similar institutions.

Mr. Herbert Agresan, son of Hon. Lucien Agresan, of Mayfield, has been appointed Postoffice Inspector for Arkansas and Missouri, at a salary of $3,000 per year. Lucien ought to hold up now in his denunciation of the Arthur administration.

The next legislature should change the law so that a majority of a jury shall bring in a verdict. The absurd law which makes one half hooked, and man, more than eleven more competent ones in a relict of 12 that that ought to be buried with the dissolver Journal.

The canvass for Governor is growing interesting. The Republican candidate talks a great deal about delinquencies in the State administration, but Governor Knott replies in a masterly manner, vindicating the Democracy of Kentucky, and showing up the crimes of the Republican party.—[Transcript.

The colored teachers of Kentucky have just closed a very successful meeting at Frankfort. The popular resolve of the occasion was a resolution declaring that the friends of the spirit of justice was recognized by those present in the passage of the recent law in Kentucky, equalizing the per capita tax, and school age of all the children of the State, regardless of caste or nationality.

The New York Herald figures that 3,000 lives have been lost within the past six months by accidents and calamitous happenings such as cyclones, etc. And the estimate of the Herald's statistician includes no accident where the loss of life was less than three, nor any loss resulting from the great floods in the valleys of the Mississippi, the Ohio, the Rhine, the Danube and other notable inundations either in the United States or in foreign countries.

Republican Platform.

(From the New York World.)

Here is a modern genuine Republican platform in brief—twelve planks and twelve pillars:

1. Protections.
2. Prohibition.
3. Privileged classes.
4. Public plunder.
5. Office-holders.
6. Pensioners.
7. Millionaires.
8. Cant.
9. Corruption.
10. Corporations.
11. Fraud.
12. Fanaticism.

KILLED AT FULTON.

A Negro Assaults the Marshal and is Shot Dead Instead With an Ax.

(From Paducah News.)

The News learned from a gentleman who reached the city this morning from Fulton the following brief particulars of a killing at that place last night: A negro man, named Jerry Lewis, came into town into Fulton and got figuting drunk. Last night he was in a saloon, and was quite a disturbed family, in which there are several women, and proceeded to raise the devil. The cries of the women drew the attention of the Town Marshal, Mr. McNeeley, and he went to the house to quiet the disturbance. Finding the case, he attempted to arrest the negro man, when the latter resisted and drew a gun, which he found in the room, upon Mr. McNeeley. At this the latter, to save his life, jerked up an ax which was beside the wall and struck the negro over the head, knocking him to the floor and splitting his head in such a way as to make recovery impossible. The negro this morning when our informant left Fulton was not dead, but he was in a dying condition, with no chance of recovery. The case of the darky could not be learned. The killing caused some excitement, but there was only sympathy for Mr. McNeeley because, in attempting to perform his duty, he had to take a life to protect his own.

P. S.—From another gentleman from Fulton, since the above was put in type, it was learned that it was Mr. Albert Hoddinston who had the difficulty with the negro, and that the latter's condition is not so bad as first thought.

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CHICKENS—$2.50 to $2.50c a dozen.

EGGS—Nashville quotes eggs at from 70 to 75c per barrel.

How Can We Tell

Who Mosquito Bars and Frames will be worn next winter? E. T. Gardner has them at 75 cents.

NOTICE!

We wish to reduce our Stock as low as possible, preparatory to removing from our present location to the new and elegant two story brick of E. T. Gardner's. To accomplish this object, we have placed on our goods, PRICES, that even in this dull season—will force them to leave our shelves, and make the buyer rejoice. Remember this closing sale cannot last always, and if you desire to reap the benefits, come early. We are determined to sell down.

ALEXANDER & MAXWELL.

LATEST STYLES.

Summer is here, and with it everything new and beautiful in the Millinery line, and all lovers of such are cordially invited at Mrs. Jones' Emporium, where you will find such a collection of lovely flowers, Laces, Ribbons, Hats and Bonnets, in all the new shapes and styles, as to satisfy the most fastidious. And last, but not least, everything is just as cheap as can be sold.

Family Supplies

Mr. CHAS. H. MOREHEAD

Has opened an entirely new and carefully selected stock of

Groceries & Confectioneries,

nearly opposite Campbell's Picture Gallery.

Butter, Eggs, &c., a specialty.

TOWN TALK.

Lightning Relief cures Toothache and Earache. Sold by J. W. COWGILL.

Dr. Ragland's Tetter Ointment cures Tetter, Eczema, Itch, Scaldhead, Itching Piles, and all other diseases. Sold by J. W. Cowgill.

Dr. Ragland's Lightning Relief is sure cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia. For sale by J. W. Cowgill.

Lowest.

FULL line of Dress Goods, Trimmings and Embroidery, at prices as low as the lowest.

NEW lot of carpets, Oil cloth Rugs and Door Mats, just received at low figures.

JUST arrived, a large lot of Ladies, Misses and Childrens Hats at low figures.

MENS, Youths and Childrens Straw and Manilla Hats, just open, call and see them.

SETH THOMAS Weight Clocks, so low as to close.

LA SUGARS, White Clarified and Brown, all grades as low as the lowest.

PRIME and choice La Molasses at bottom figures.

CANNED GOODS, of all kinds kept in stock at all times at lowest figures.

LARGE stock of Rio and Java Coffee, at bottom prices.

TEAS, Spices and Tobacco at low figures.

FLOUR, Meal, Bacon, Shoulders, Hams, Salt, Lard, as low as the lowest.

IRISH and Sweet Potatoes in abundance. Jackpot the largest stock of Groceries in town, as low as the lowest.

J. AMBERG & SONS.

ELECTION NOTICE!

At the Ensuing August Election,

a poll will be opened in precincts Nos. 1 and 2 for the election of a

CONSTABLE

in each of said precincts, to serve until the next regular election; and in precinct No. 1 for the election of a

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

to fill the vacancy occasioned by the failure of Jno. W. Wingate to qualify to act as such.

W. C. JOHNSON, S. F. C.

July 12, 1888.

R. B. BREVARD,

DEALER IN

HARDWARE, STOVES AND TINWARE.

(Clayton Street,)

HICKMAN, - - KY.

Job-Work done to order. Roofing, spouting, &c., a Specialty.

OUR DOLLAR WEEKLY

The Nashville American,

Now at Dollar you can get the WEEKLY AMERICAN a whole year, postage pre paid. It is a weekly review of the Nashville market and telegraphic quotations of principal cities are alone worth the price to farmer or merchant. The DOLLAR WEEKLY AMERICAN is made up of the seven daily issues of the AMERICAN each week. Local news of the city and State every week. Best and cheapest family paper in the West and South. Full reports of Congress and Legislature. Everything of importance that occurs anywhere in the world is promptly chronicled in the DOLLAR WEEKLY AMERICAN. In other way can some dollar be invested that will be of such lasting benefit—an extra copy sent free with every club of ten subscribers. Remember the low terms—one dollar for a year—75 cents for six months—40 cents for three months. Address THE AMERICAN, Nashville, Tenn.

E. T. Gardner,

DEALER IN

FURNITURE,

Of all kind, CHAIRS, MATRASSES, BEDSPRINGS, Parlor Tables, Lounges, 4 Victor Sewing Machine Wooden and Metalic Coffins furnished on short notice

HICKMAN, - - KENTUCKY.

J. W. CORMAN & CO.,

DEALERS IN

STOVES,

HARDWARE, TINWARE, &C. &C.

(NEW FRAME ROW, JACKSON STREET.)

ROOFING, GUTTERING, &c., a specialty. Job Work solicited.

New Stock!

POWELL & BROTHER, are now receiving their fresh stock of

Groceries and Family Supplies,

which they offer to the public at fair prices. Best grade of Flour, Meal (bolted and unbolted), Sugars, Coffees, Molasses, Rice, Mackerel, Krant, &c., &c.

Headquarters for Salt, Lime and Cement. Our farming friends will find us fully stocked up with

Farming Implements, Field Seeds, &c.,

which we will sell as low as any one. Give us a call before buying elsewhere.

feb9-'88 POWELL & BRO.

FIELD SEED OF ALL KINDS, Lime and Cement, Land-Plaster,

AT APLAX PAST'S GROCERIES

m24 BONDURANT & DREWRY.

J. E. FUQUA. A. M. DeBOW.

FUQUA & DeBOW,

Wholesale Dealers and Western Agents for

VIRGINIA CHEWING AND SMOKING

TOBACCOS,

AND OTHER LEADING BRANDS.

Factory, Lynchburg, Va. Office and Store-Room, at Bondurant & Drewry's Warehouse,

HICKMAN, - - KENTUCKY.

LOWER and LOWER.

All kinds of Groceries—hams, sides, &c. as cheap as the cheapest. I will not be undersold. JOHN WITTING.

Sale and Livery Stable.

FARIS & PARKER,

KENTUCKY STREET,

KEEPS constantly on hand for hire good saddle horses, HORSES, BUGGIES and HACKS.

Having purchased the stable, horses and entire outfit of W. B. Plummer, we propose to continue the business, and solicit patronage.

HEADQUARTERS

FOR ALL KINDS OF

GROCERIES,

Mr. F. E. Case announces that he is now open in his old Cooper Shop building, Jackson Street, and is ready to sell all kinds of Groceries at the lowest prices. Country produce bought and exchanged.

New Grocery!

JACKSON STREET, (Tyler new Block.) HICKMAN, KY.

D. L. GOLDBERG,

DEALER IN

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES

My Stock is New and Fresh, and will be sold at prices that will be especially attractive to buyers.

Liquors!

GIVE ME A CALL.

Commissioner's Notice.

Fulton Circuit Court.

J. H. Thaxton's Adm'r, Plaintiff,
Against Equity.
His Heirs & Creditors, Defts.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of J. H. Thaxton, deceased, that the undersigned, Master Commissioner of the Fulton Circuit Court, under an Order in the above styled cause, will attend at his office, in Hickman, Ky., on the 6th day of July, 1888, to receive and hear proof of claims against said decedent; and that all claims not presented to him and proven as required by law, within the time specified above, will be forever barred.

GEO. WARREN,
Master Commissioner Fulton Circuit Court.

PAYNE'S 10 Horse Spark-Arresting Portable Engine has cut 15,000 ft. of Michigan Pine Boards in 10 hours, burning slabs from the saw in eight-foot lengths.

Can do 25 Horse work on half the fuel and water than any other Engine not fitted with an Automatic Cut-Off. If you want a Stationary or Portable Engine, Boiler, Circular Saw Mill, Shingling or Feed Mill, Threshing Machine, Cotton Gin, or Portable Iron Fence, send for illustrated catalogue, No. 16, for information and prices.

B. W. PAYNE & SONS,
Corning, N. Y. Box 187

Hickman Advertisements.

THESE SUITS CAN BE HAD AT J. AMBERG'S SONS.

PRESS

DRUGS AND PATENT MEDICINES! &c., &c., &c.

NEW HOME! PAINTS AND OILS. &c., &c., &c.

J. W. COWGILL,

TRUSSES AND Abdominal Supports. PRESCRIPTIONS FILLED AT ANY HOUR DAY OR NIGHT. *Ring night bell after 10 p. m.* FANCY TOILET ARTICLES AND Perfumery.

THE OLD RELIABLE

CHAS. A. HOLCOMBE

DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS AND DYE-STUFFS

HICKMAN, KY

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED

HERTWECK, BALTZER & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

WAGONS.

Hickman, Kentucky.

LACLEDE HOUSE.

HICKMAN, KENTUCKY.

THIS HOUSE HAS BEEN RECENTLY ENLARGED, REFITTED, REFURNISHED and thoroughly renovated. Convenient to river and railroad, and attentive waiters kept and, altogether one of the best appointed hotels in this section.

may9-'79 TURNER & KINGMAN, Prop'rs.

J. W. ROGERS,

KEEPS all kinds of staple and fancy

GROCERIES,

and Confectionaries. Will be pleased to see his old customers, and will hold out to them in prices and quality. Call and see us. "Quick Sales and Small Profits. Won't be undersold." jlsdsf

GROCERIES

LIQUORS.

HENRY W. ENGERS & CO., Borendes Building, Clinton street, keep in store a good supply of TABLE LIQUORS and the finest brands of LIQUORS. Good goods and low prices.

THE BARTER GROCERY.

MR. J. H. MONTGOMERY, announces to his friends and the public that he has opened anew and fresh supply of all kinds of Fancy Groceries, which he will sell as low as the lowest. He is ready at all times to exchange Groceries at cash prices for Butter, Eggs, Chickens, or any kind of marketing that the farming friends may bring in. The highest market price always paid.

J. H. MONTGOMERY & SONS.

W. DIESTELBRINK

Family Groceries.

NO space to name all articles, but no trouble to show goods.

Will pay full price for Butter, Eggs, &c.

Groceries.

25cts Lower than the Lowest.

I have no clerks (save myself) no store rent and pay cash for Groceries, and therefore can sell cheaper than the cheapest. Best brands of Winter Syrup and Lone Star Flour, 25 cents cheaper than the lowest.

JOHN WITTING.

BEER SALOON

H. F. FETHE'

Keeps fresh beer on tap, all the time and will serve customers promptly at

CALDWELL'S

High School.

THE FOURTH TERM will commence Monday, September 3, 1888, and continue nine weeks.

The course of study, in addition to thorough Primary Work, will include Higher Mathematics, the Natural Science, German, Latin and Greek, Book Keeping, Penmanship, Elocution and Vocal Culture.

TUITION PER MONTH.

Primary,	$3 00
Intermediate,	4 00
Advanced,	5 00

Payable monthly in Advance.

R. C. CALDWELL, } Principals.
MARY CALDWELL, }

Hickman, Ky., August 11, 1882.

FAMILY GROCERY

H. C. JUDGE,

FRENCH'S OLD STAND,

Will keep on hand a fine stock of STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES

CANDIES, CRACKERS, PICKLES, CRANBERRIES, HOMINY, GRITS

LIQUORS.

Sugar, Coffees, Soaps, &c.

Will not be undersold.

Will pay full price for Butter, Eggs, &c.

Groceries.

25cts Lower than the Lowest.

Best brands of Winter Syrup and Lone Star Flour, 25 cents cheaper than the lowest.

JOHN WITTING.

ITALIAN AND AMERICAN MARBLE MONUMENTS, TOMB AND GRAVE STONES.

HAVING received a fine lot of American and Italian Marble, I am prepared to fill all orders. Call and examine our work. Orders from the country promptly

The Hickman Courier.

GEORGE WARREN, Publisher.

HICKMAN, KENTUCKY.

THE OLD CLOCK.

I.

The old clock creeps on the sun-kissed wall—
Tick, tock! tick, tock!
The merry record to the minutes call;
Tick, tock! Tis mute at noon.

A maiden sits at the mirror there,
And smiles as she braids her golden hair;
O, in the light, but her face is fair!
Tick, tock! tick, tock!

Far over the sea the good ship brings
The lover of whom the maiden sings;
From the orange the first white blossom springs;
Tick, tock! tick, tock!

II.

The old clock laughs on the flower-decked wall—
Tick, tock! tick, tock!
The rose-winged hours elude their thrall;
Tick, tock! tick, tock!

The lover's pride and his love are blest;
The maiden is brided to his breast;
For her brow the bridal blossoms rest;
Tick, tock! tick, tock!

O, thrice, thrice long may the sweet bells chime
As echoing this thro' future time!
Still, to my heart beats that measured rhyme—
Tick, tock! tick, tock!

III.

The old clock laughs on the flower-decked wall—
Tick, tock! tick, tock!
The rose-winged hours elude their thrall;
Tick, tock! tick, tock!

The lover's pride and his love are blest;
The maiden is brided to his breast;
For her brow the bridal blossoms rest;
Tick, tock! tick, tock!

O, thrice, thrice long may the sweet bells chime
Across the gloom of the mirror there!
Seems this the echoed of a golden hair;
Tick, tock, tick, tock!

The sweet bells chime for those who may wed;
The needy crook many a shroud!
But free and shadow and lover are dead—
Tick, tick! tick, tock!

—*Jean Carlton, in Life.*

THE SECRET OF A LARCH-TREE.

A lady, young, pretty, blonde, sparkled with diamonds from head to heel, herself the magnet of all eyes, amidst the music, light and revelry of the August night at Silver Spring. Diamonds twinkled in the fair hair, poised there as a butterfly; diamonds trembled like dew-drops about the snowy throat and formed a blazing pendent medallion amidst the flowers of the satin corsage; diamonds flashed in the ears and in each dimpled wrist.

"What a lucky fellow Delauny was to secure such a prize!" said the massive voice, unanimously.

"I wonder she dares to carry such jewels about with her; it is very bad taste to wear them at a hotel hop," was the feminine verdict.

"Prof. Horton, do you see the lady with the diamonds?" inquired the Colonel, with his soft, good-natured laugh.

"Yes, I see her. What then?" retorted the Professor, grufly.

"O, nothing at all, only the Silver Spring will be regarded as a fashionable resort, what with our reached-hing, and Hooi and such guests. Next year we shall be able to hold up our heads with Saratoga and Newport, if we can add a race course and club-house, sir." Here the Colonel rubbed his hands together with a gesture which has become traditional with the hotel proprietor of all ages.

"Silly women, decked with diamonds—clubs—race courses!" echoed Prof. Horton, contemptuously. "Our Silver Spring will be ruined by such follies, and all respectable habitues will quit the spot forever. I have been here every season for fifteen years and—"

"Will come fifteen years more, I hope," interpolated the Colonel, adroitly. The fat landlord shivered as the cold air which imprisoned his own rosy face, a countenance most suggestive of the order-inspirer of Silver Spring.

The face of Prof. Horton was lean, sallow and dolorous, on the contrary, and "was clouded by the habitual frown of one who has a grievance to *lay at the* door of circumstance.

"Fiddlesticks!" he retorted; sharply. "I will engage the State apartments of Union Hall or the Ocean House sooner than return here. Mrs. Delauny is the name, eh? Are the diamonds real?"

"Real! Why, they are the present wear, at least seventy-five thousand dollars, I am told. She was an heiress, you know, and when she married her, year, the accumulated interest of her minority was invested in these jewels." Such was the Colonel's gift explanation.

"Who is her partner?" pursued the Professor.

"O, the French Marquis de Ratti. They say he followed Mrs. Delauny home after being all about in society at New York and Washington last winter."

"I do not believe in foreign noblemen," grumbled the Professor. "They prove to be valets and barbers more often than not."

Prof. Horton's benevolent bulbous nose acquired a satirical aspect, his shrewd gray eyes twinkled behind a rimed his spectacles, while his humorous mouth twitched beneath the grizzled beard. He surveyed the animated scene much as a naturalist inspects an insect under a microscope. The Marquis de Ratti was not at all the typical Frenchman in appearance, although well dressed and easy in bearing. He was a large, powerfully built man of uncertain age, with cold light eyes, an irregular massive features; his hands and feet were huge, muscular and powerful, despite the sheathing of kid and leather.

"He looks more like a prize-fighter than a gentleman, and perhaps the prize-fighting element is the highest evidence of blood among the nobility," mused this republican spectator. "Humph! I should not care to meet him on a dark night. He might crack my skull like an egg-shell between finger and thumb. O, the customs of fashion! That young husband, leaning against the wall, permits the Marquis de Ratti to waltz with his wife, instead of knocking him down for his impudence."

At this moment a pretty girl appeared behind the Professor and his landlord, with round fair face and big wide brahdy brushed back from the temples, and ingenuous blue eyes. Her hair grey grit smoothed her neat apron and lowered her eyes demurely as she demanded, in the softest of voices: "If you please, sir, may I have my tea?"

"Mrs. Delauny's English maid, Alice," explained the Colonel, when he had granted the request.

Why did Professor Horton follow the English maid, so young, so pretty and so demure, with his eye? He could not tell. He saw her pause outside another window, where the Marquis de Ratti was taking the air, the dance being over, and it seemed to the observer that the two exchanged a glance of meaning, a swift signal, before the girl slipped around the corner of the house.

"We only lack the gaiety of nobleman and ladies' maids to complete the ruin of our Silver Spring," muttered this stern moralist, where the Professor was very old-fashioned. He sought his own chamber gloomily, for in addition to perturbation of mind, owing to having his sylvan retreat invaded by the Philistines of fashion, he was literally broken by bodily fatigue. He had rambled many miles that day, botanizing in the valleys, and seeking geological specimens on adjacent hills. *Infusoria* dusted dusty, his raiment brier-torn, his loose sack-coat freighted with the "rubbish" precious to the savant in the wide external pockets, while rheumatic twinges in knee and back reminded him that he was no longer young, thereby increasing his exasperation. Then to return to a hotel where all the world was dancing, and one woman was decked like an idol with seventy-five thousand dollars worth of diamonds. The Professor's cup of bitterness brimmed over at these reflections. The room was stiflingly hot, but he lighted his lamp, and forced himself to read an extract from Dr. Dollinger, while moths blundered about the flame, trying themselves to a condition of unpleasant crispness, and mosquitoes stung his temples. His watch marked midnight, and still the movement of the ball-room and the twang of musical instruments reached his ear, precluding the possibility of sleep.

"Squeak, squeak, fiddles! Boom away, bass-viols! Keep it up until morning, by all means. I wonder if that is the polka of the future? 1-2-3-4"! Here the listener clinched his teeth, with a truly diabolical expression of countenance, the fiddles shuddered over his nervous system, snatched up his broad felt hat, and sped out of doors, actuated by the impulse of escape.

The night was sultry and oppressive. The Professor breathed a sigh of relief as he quitted the vicinity of the hotel, which appeared to be in a blaze of light through the trees like an ogre's eye. Darkness and the obscurity of shrubbery welcomed him a moment later, as usual hour. He strolled about the gravel paths, fanning himself with his hat, and lingered long and lovingly before the roof of the ornamental house of the Silver Spring.

"There will be a thunder-storm before morning," soliloquized the Professor, replacing his hat.

All was delicious by contrast, and far below, guarded by the encircling basin, bubbled the Silver Spring, cool and limpid, sweet and healthy, if the Professor firmly believed. Hell not the nymph of the fountain—had her wings in startled flight when the Professor, from rural tranquility and fashionable resort, the Professor turned on the parapet, and peered into the artificial depths of the spring, mixing in this vein. As he did so his face reddened with astonishment at the reflections to meet a few yards distant from himself. Two people had come and went in a moment, and they seemed to before separating again with the same rapidity of movement the Professor had met.

"Wait for me," said the woman, "I shall have to manage, to get away at all."

"I will wait until morning," replied the man.

"She is sure to dance to the very last, you know," added the woman.

"Don't lose your head, that's all," admonished the man.

"I lose my head, indeed!" retorted the woman, whose voice and bearing were resolute.

The Professor moved slowly away, scarcely heeding these words waffted to his ear by a passing breeze. At an angle of the path was a rustic bench beneath a larch-tree, known as Prof. Horton's favorite seat. He made for it, but his steps in an irritated manner and sank down on it in sheer weariness. The scent of the larch-tree, while, in the foliage, seemed to spread a very ship "fragrant rolies of darkness. Gradually fat moment ceased to noise and hilling all his senses to antagonism, he fell asleep.

He was awakened by a terrific peal of thunder, and opened his eyes with bewildered uncertainty as to surrounding objects. The trees swayed wildly in the rising wind, a few large drops of rain fell heavily among the leaves, lightning quivered on the horizon. Suddenly a female form bent over him, some small object was thrust into his hand, and a voice whispered: "Hide it!"

"I am early. She had a head-ache. Quick! take them, or I shall be missed."

The thunder-peal drowned every word the woman vanished. Prof. Horton winked several times and opened his mouth to speak, but the voice died out without sound. The object thus unexpectedly consigned to his care was a small velvet jewel-case, such as one of one who has a grievance to lay at the door of circumstance.

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"Nobody would believe it, you know," said the Colonel, coolly. The hotel proprietor is never surprised in this world.

"Take the trinkets and restore them in your own way. Do not mention me in the transaction," retorted the Professor. He stooped and plunged his fingers once more into the rainbow of precious stones with a sort of fascination; the starry rays of rose and blue dazzled, blinded him. "Beautiful and fatal gifts to man!" he murmured, with parched lips.

The Colonel closed one eye, with the assured expression of a bird.

Prof. Horton sought his bed and slept heavily until four o'clock in the afternoon. He was awakened by voices and peered through the shutters of his window. A carriage waited to take the Delauny party to the steamboat on the lake. Mr. and Mrs. Delauny were already seated, while Alice, the maid, which appeared to be the bridal party, after which she re-entered the hotel. At this moment Prof. Horton's door was opened, and the Colonel entered with the bouncing swiftness of movement peculiar to the men in hacks. If the tenant of the Professor had been extraordinary in the morning when he had entered the jewels, that of the Colonel was not less so in the afternoon. He looked the door, made a warning gesture to the Professor and tiptoed over to a second door at the extremity of the large room, where he lay down on the floor and put his ear to the crack. Voices became audible in the adjoining chamber.

"I was thirty minutes o'clock and gave to you," said a woman.

"Alice! I wanted all night and you did not come," said a man.

"I gave it to a person under the tree, and he took it," gasped the woman.

"Fool! Did you give the gem to. Get yourself dismissed at Newport and out to New York. If I believed you were false, my girl, it would be the wyde for you."

There was a sound of footsteps, and immediately afterward the Delauny carriage rolled away.

The Colonel rose to his feet, chuckling in the unusual excitement his stratagem.

"Set a thief—ahem! I mean a woman to catch a woman. My wife thought of having the English maid sent back in search of a missing bag, in order to give hers a chance to communicate with her accomplice in the hotel, if she had one. The bag was dropped in the couple found it, and I am joined her there. Your story is amply corroborated, you see, by the few words I overheard."

"I believe the Marquis de Ratti is the accomplice, and no more a Frenchman than plain John Smith, sir. Rogue!"

"So do I, but how to prove it?" replied the Colonel.

"You must find the thieves arrested," urged the Professor.

"What is the charge? Your adventure is rather fanciful. The woman is engaged whispering with a pretty girl? No, no; I gave back the diamonds to Mr. Delauny—with a suitable explanation—and he has carried them away in a mysterious manner. We alone know the whole story."

"And the larch-tree," added the Professor. "It was the mobile lamp-tree that kept the secret, my friend. Well, well I hope you are pleased with the fashionable elements attracted to our Silver Spring! Behold the Marquis de Ratti and the demure English maid Alice belong to one of those bands of English thieves. Now sir, will I keep a map of country-seats with reference to the plate chest, and are now trying their fortune in the hotel. The hotel full they were—those diamonds!"

The Marquis de Ratti departed by the next train, but that same evening his foreign accent was never more apparent than when he uttered the toast of Silver Spring. —*Harper's Weekly.*

Singeing Human Heads.

"Hair-singeing, twenty-five cents," is the somewhat novel sign displayed in the window of a South Broad Street barber-shop, and, attracted by the curious notice, a reporter last evening entered the establishment to ascertain what new phase of the tonsorial art hair-singeing was. The interior of the shop was decorated with half a dozen more of the same sort of signs, and the razor and a colored boy fanned themselves and waited for customers. The reporter was asked just what he knew his errand when two youths, of the variety known as "toughs," entered and took off, them, notwithstanding the lavish display of signs, inquired if "this here's the place where the hairs are not burned off in hairoff?" Being assured he had reached the right place, the youth asked if "singeing" hair was the thing he had. It was a painless operation, seated himself in one of the chairs and told the barber to "singe my hair off and do a polite style," he added that he wanted a "reg lar summer cut, short all over." The first step was for the barber was to cut the youth's hair in the regular way with the scissors, and this being done the act of singeing began. Taking a long wax taper, such as are used in my household, he lighted it from a gas burner, and with a comb lifted what remained of the young man's hair into ridges, and then with the flame of the taper ran it through the curling ridges, until a haze of smoke arose, and a faint odor of burnt hair floated about the room and out into the sultry night. With great care the barber passed the flame over and sides of the youth's head completely singed, that worthy in the mean time standing up and surveying himself in the looking-glass, and momentarily exclaiming: "Well, I'll be blamed." His companion was seated, singeing, and made constant remarks of a like nature. When the youth's head had been sufficiently singed to satisfy the barber's artistic eye, the taper was put out and the customer requested to step down to the wash-bowl, where his head was thoroughly washed, to clear away the "ashes" that remained at the end of each hair, and after that operation was finished the youth gazed in the glass at as beautifully clipped a cranium as ever left a barber-shop. Paying the quarter, and remarking that it "wasn't such a bad racket, after all," the young man gave a parting glance of approval in the mirror and with his companion departed: "This is the only place in this country where you can get a regular 'singe,' said the barber, after the youths had gone, "but it's a pretty common thing in England and Europe, and in Canada, too, I believe." In conclusion, he stated that it was not the be a cure-all thing for the hair, and would cause it to flourish, like a cornfield after a scythe. In conclusion: "It ain't any good for bald-headed men for they haven't any hairs to be braced up."—*Philadelphia Record.*

A Boy's Economy.

A boy seven or eight years old was passing along Elizabeth Street yesterday with a dime in his fingers, when another boy accosted him with:

"What ye going to buy?"

"Camphor."

"What for?"

"To keep moths away."

"Say," said the second boy as he came nearer, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'ln lend you five cents o' that for candy I'll lend you my dog all one day to hunt down the moths, and I'll back catch 'em all I'll lend you the honest rat-trap in this city! You can just as well save five cents as not.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Breeches.

If there is anything in this world that a man is particular about it is his breeches, or, as the Americans all say, pants. The Adam Adam has discovered that the world was without a tailor, and he hadn't any clothes, the aim of each masculine has been to get apparel which will set off his form to the best advantage. The style and quality of pants are a mark of civilization, for in barbarous lands nothing but a clout hides the nakedness of the savage. In the isle of Formosa they begin with each generation indeed, until the beginning of the present century on the pants were not worn, and all knee breeches were in rogue. George Washington, the Father of his Country, wore knee breeches and silk hose, and to the present day, and wouldn't now receive an electoral vote should he appear in his Hidalgo suit.

When Daniel Webster went to Dartmouth to be examined for college, he had on blue jeans, homespun breeches as tough as the hide of a rhinocerous Then, as now, it wasn't the pants that made the man.

The foppery of dress was at its height in England during the reign of Henry VII., and the reigns of Louis XIV. and XVI. of France were famous for extravagance in attire. The nobles wore what are called Paladins breeches, which were puffed out from the hips to the knee and tied with gorgeous ribbons in bands of gold. The costliest materials were used in making these garments and thousands of dollars on the people were squandered in the purchase of magnificent breeches for the King's favorites.

Pantaloons first came into use in Venice during the fifteenth century. They were worn by devotees of a person saint, Pantaleon, who was called by the Italians pantalini. To this then was an evidence of foolishness or folly, and the fool in pantaloons appeared in pantaloons much resembled a clown. They were nothing but a pair of breeches, which, from the hip to the knee, very tightly fitting, and frequently the legs of different hues.

The Saxon ancient breeches were very similar to these, and were rendered popular among the Saxon Princes of the early Teutons by bars of variegated colors.

The pantalini of the Italians were introduced in England and France during the sixteenth century, and after a conflict of centuries in the latter country they is fell dress during the reign of George III.

During the Plantagenet reigns the long garments hid the breeches from view, and hose completely incased the legs. The hoeches of the Celtic and Saxons were not worn by the Romans, who would not discard the toga, the national and time-honored costume of the race.

Breeches in the strict meaning of the term—for trousers is the modern word to express the existing style of wearing apparel from the hips to the ankle—were worn by many of the nations of ancient times, notably the Medes and Persians, Phrygians, Gauls and Germans. The Gaul breeches and breeches were introduced by the Normans into England, and Henry VIII. always appeared in puffed-out breeches.

In the reign of Charles I. they were worn loose to the knee and ended in a fringe-cut row of ribbons. After the restoration of the petticoat breeches of the French began to be worn, and we the mode for many years. The plain, tight knee-breeches, as worn by our forefathers who "fit into the Revolution," were introduced by William III., and the final change to the modern trousers began in 1812. In 1814, although in Oxford and Cambridge colleges an order was issued during that year that all students should be considered as at liberty to wear trousers, the order was generally disregarded, and performed "Imogen" in London in 1802.

Wellington adopted trousers in the British army, and they were in a long time called Wellington trousers.

It was a good age for tailors two hundred years ago, and they were more important personages than they are now. Fine breeches were in demand and sold for fabulous prices.

The real cause for the change in the mode of dressing, especially in the style of pantaloons, is to be attributed to the influence of the French Revolution, when all the ancient ideas regarding dress were buried in the ruins and blood of the locations and extravagance nobility. For almost one hundred years people of the civilized earth, with the exception of Turkey, have been wearing trousers which are now in use. They are more comfortable, and they side than the costumes of the past and become equally well the fat and the lean legs of this generation. Mr. May, of Walker, the celebrated female, has stepped out from the ranks of her sex and shown her appreciation of man's pants by wearing them herself. The This first step to look breeches changes every year, and it is the office for gives the tailors a chance. But knee-breeches are seen only in plays and a few old-fashioned people who are fond of the old-time costume.

Will the knee-breeches of our ancestors ever come into fashion? For many reasons it is to be hoped they will. Our trousers scrape up all the dirt in pavements, and, in the country, the knee-breeches set off a fine calf to the best advantage, and pretty hose can be seen to a great advantage. Men are rapidly going out of fashion, and now nearly everybody wears shoes on a pair of boots, and knee-breeches would be worn by trousers worn over high-topped boots. Knee-breeches could at least obviate a difficulty, which, if it could would look strange for a time, but what innovation has not seemed ridiculous at first? Knee-breeches would add to the change, for it would open to the fancy a wider and more profitable field of fashion.

The Turks still cling to the traditional clothing of their ancestors, and wear the knee-breeches, which are a bag bladder, and tied just below the knee with a ribbon or cord.

There are numerous instances on record where women have worn the breeches, and in the case of Socrates and Xantippe, which was one of domestic infelicity several thousand years ago, there is a moral and warning for all time to the effect that a henpecked man.

In the days of our fathers, when trousers were a novelty, they were patched so often as to resemble the famous coat of Joseph, which was the boy so much up and down in life, and his less fortunate brothers. But the most antiquated of all innovations in country life in this day wouldn't seem to wear a patch on his breeches, and his old dad sights back to the old times have passed and the era of extravagance in pants has come.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

—When a man, especially if he has had a military experience, hears a street band, or even a hand-organ, playing a martial tune, he instinctively braces up and keeps step to the music. Then he realizes what he is doing and feels the absurdity of marching to such music, and he sets the tune to hurdy-gurdy and his efforts to lounge and not walk in time are the most exhausting of his life. —*Boston Post.*

—A priest in Montreal, Can., Rev. Mr. Seatenne, advises that the moon now spent in public processions be used in erecting statues of celebrated Canadians in the squares of that city.—*Chicago Journal.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—If ink is spilled on colored goods that will not bear acids, soak them immediately in sweet milk boiling hot.—*Chicago News.*

—A cow in Pulaski County, Ky., gives twelve gallons of milk per day, and has to be milked three times every day to prevent her bag from dragging on the ground.—*Exchange.*

—Winding a string tightly around the body of a limb in June or July will cause barren fruit trees to yield the following season. The string should be cut the following winter or early spring. —*N. Y. Herald.*

—Tea cake: One egg; one cup sugar; one cup milk; one pint flour; a lump of butter the size of an egg; one teaspoonful soda dissolved in milk; two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar.—*Toledo Blade.*

—In sowing wheat be careful that no foul seeds are drawn into the ground the drill or by the hand of the sower. Have your seed wheat perfectly clean. A bushel spent in cleaning seed clean will save a day or a week in the future in eradicating weeds.

—Sweet potatoes fried may be a novelty to some cooks. To two cups and a half of bread dough, allow one cup and a half of sugar, two eggs, one cup and a cup of melted butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a little nutmeg. Knead the sweet potato well into the dough, using as much flour as is needed to make a smooth dough. Let it rise then until light, roll out, fold over, and again roll out in fancy shapes; let them rise again and fry in boiling fat.—*N. Y. Post.*

—A plan in use in Australia for leading cattle, said to be very effective, is as follows: To the end of the rope, fasten the base of the near horn, passing it across the face, then tie the other end to the horns and under the back of the near ear, thence up behind the horns and tied to the animals forehead. When hauled taut a hitch is made which takes in the ear, which is pinched thereby. By pulling the rope, it is said, prevents the most obstinate beast from hanging back.—*Boston Star.*

—A good dish for supper is made by taking a piece of round steak, spread some butter on it, and then cover it with a force meat made of bread crumbs, highly seasoned with pepper, salt, and sage; roll the steak and fasten it together; bake it, basting it freely with butter and water. When it is tender take from the oven and let it stand in the cold. Cut it in slices right down through the force meat and all.—*The Housekeeper.*

—It is a singular fact, says the *American Cultivator*, that gypsum or plaster of Paris is so little used. The cheapest and most powerful mineral fertilizer, and the best adapted to clover, its use rarely extends far beyond the localities where it is dug, and ground. There the cheapness insures a large use by neighboring farmers, who find it very profitable. Probably farmers at a distance could do as well with it, and they could at least give it repeated trials to learn to what crops it is best adapted.

Are Trichine Killed by Salt?

The prohibition of the importation of American pork by the German Government, on account of the alleged presence of the microscopic worm known as trichine has awakened a large but somewhat selfish interest among pork raisers and shippers in this country. That trichine are sometimes found in pork is probable (as what other food flesh is not to be doubted. That proper cooking of meats for a few minutes destroys them is probable. That all authenticated cases of injury to health arising from the presence of trichine in pork meat have been traced to the eating of uncooked or half raw meat is a fact. But that the salting of pork has destroyed them is still a matter of doubt, or, at least, it is a subject of dispute.

In this great United States Consul John Wilson, stationed at Brussels, makes some statements, based on his own observations. He says:

"I have myself been present when officially appointed microscopists at Brussels and other points in this country have been engaged in examining American pork for trichine, and have been invited by these gentlemen to look for myself, through their microscopes, the peculiar cell and spiral coil of the animal. On one carefully examining them I have only observed, blended with the tissue and minute salt crystals, the entire body and apparently as much of life as the structure in which it was embedded.

"I am informed by most trichinie observers that the process of generation and birth of this little animal invariably takes place in the intestinal tube or alimental canal, and that within a few days from its birth it has so matured as to perforate the walls of the intestines and rapidly make its way through the various intervening structures to the muscle where it finds its food and there it lays there to be specifically encysted and enbowed with a subsequent dormant existence of one year, during which time its pressure occasions little or no inconvenience. Of this theory of the life and propagation of the trichine I can only say that it involves an almost unparalleled exception to the law governing the propagation and growth of all life, and ought not to be accepted but upon the most positive proof. The law governing parasitic existence in the tissue usually involves the speedy death of the parasite after the palmium upon which it feeds has passed from under the domain of vital force; hence, unless this tiny worm constitutes an exception to the law of life it must be short-lived the organic structure upon which it feeds has ceased to live."

Mr. Wilson very pertinently adds that "if salt really kills trichine, and of it I have scarcely a doubt, it is evidently a remedy at the disposal of the governments to lay an embargo on our pork product, which, of all others, in the form of pickled pork or sausages, stands on a long journey to foreign markets, is better salted than that of any other country."—*Scientific American.*

Are Our Sheep Improving?

The report of the Department of Agriculture gives the number of sheep for 1861 as 21,000,000 and the production of wool as 55,000,000 pounds. This gives an average fleece of 2.58 pounds. In 1870 there were 34,000,000 of sheep and 135,000,000 pounds of wool. This gives an average fleece of 3.97 pounds, a gain of 55 per cent. in ten years. This result does not look like a backward movement in this industry. A gain of 55 per cent. in ten years ought to be considered very good progress. There has been no report from the Department as to the production of wool during the period between 1870 and 1880, but there is no doubt been a steady progress during this last decade. Sheep are kept for wool and carcass, and this has resulted in the production of wool indicates a corresponding increase in the weight of carcass. We must therefore conclude that our flocks are making satisfactory progress. This progress is largely attributable to the use of purebred Merino rams upon the rough, thin-wooled natives owes of Colorado, California and Texas, as well as of the Western States generally. Aiel, with this desire to improve the form of the sheep, has come a clearer perception of the relation of food to growth. The modern sheep farmer, who has studied his business is now well aware that a large finely-formed animal represents generous and judicious feeding.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

How the Moujiks Get Drunk.

Moujiks are curious when drunk. They hardly ever quarrel, but become affectionate and embrace each other. Their idea of drinking is to imbibe until they are quite insensible. When I was in Russia I had a coachman who once a month used to disappear and ask for leave to get drunk during two consecutive days. Upon inquiry I found that only on these occasions could the coachman remain sober during the rest of the month. Having obtained leave, he would go to a drinking house, where the proprietor his money, and state how long he would remain there. Then he would sit down at a table and order some spirits before him. Gradually and solemnly he would get drunk, place his head upon the table, and fall into stupor on them. Thus he would remain for two days and nights, the proprietor supplying him with all he asked for, and never locked up. His time up, the proprietor would drag him outside the house and set him in the place against the wall, having first filled his cap with snow. Every charitably disposed brother Moujik would then give him some kopecks, in about half an hour this disappeared, and he would get up, shake himself together and resume his duties. One man's poison is another man's food, and I suppose that he enjoyed himself.—*London Truth.*

A LARGE Proprietary medicine house in Baltimore, Md., writes from St. Somebody's office: "Remedy for rheumatism, recently introduced, is a great success. It gives a day's excursion in the country. This is a common disease here."

The sleepy brakeman knows what a cat-bunnie do in a tight place.—*N. O. Picayune.*

YOUNG and middle-aged men, suffering from nervous debility, lost vitality, weak nerves, loss of memory and hypochondria, should read advertisement of Dr. Dye's World's Dispensary Dime Series of pamphlets, sent free by the WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

It does not matter how well the gardener tries to do—he is always slipping.—*Boston Star.*

"Now Well and Strong."

SHUMAN, Ill.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Sir—I wish to state that my daughter, aged 14, was pronounced by physicians to be fast failing as the doctors thought, with consumption. I obtained a bottle of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' at first and she commenced improving at once, and is now well and strong.

Very truly yours, REV. I. N. AUGUSTUS, Pastor Christian Church.

"CAN a man serve two masters?" Certainly, sailors on schooners can.—*The Judge.*

HAY-FEVER. I have suffered for the last ten years from Hay-Fever. I desire to testify to the efficacy of Ely's Cream Balm. In short use of it demonstrated its efficacy. J. MAIDNOP, 371 Broadway, N. Y. 50 cts.

PRIZES of the season—Weeks. "Cotton." Weeks. "Wool." Weeks. "Prize stones.—*Boston Star.*

Sick Headache.

MRS. J. C. HENDERSON, of Cleveland, O., writes: "I have used Dr. Bull's Sick Headache and Purgative Pellets' a day, for a few days, and find they are the best for sick headache, from which I formerly suffered terribly, as often, as once in a fortnight, and in ten days." Of all druggists.

The man who drinks can not conceal it from the world. His habit is red in his face.

LADIES and sickly girls requiring gentle and reliable stimulant, will find Brown's Iron Bitters beneficial.

A CARPENTER is a plane man.—*Arkansaw Traveler.* This aspen well for whoever may be.

WRIGHTSVILLE, PA.—Rev. Elijah Wilson writes: "Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is permanently cured me of chills and fever."

HAYLAN is called the aguetle lion, and he roars in the night until the lion can roar.—*Somerville Journal.*

RE-INVESTIGATED.

A Remarkable Statement Fully Confirmed by Three Important Investigations.

An unusual article from the Rochester (N. Y.) *Democrat and Chronicle* was published in this paper recently and has been the subject of much comment among the professional circles and on the street. Apparently it caused more commotion in Rochester, as the following from the same paper shows:

Dr. J. B. Henion, who is well known not only in Rochester but throughout every part of America, sent an extended article to this paper a few days ago, which was duly published, detailing his remarkable experience and cures from what seemed to be certain death. It would be impossible to publish the testimonials of those who have been made as near dead as to the validity of the statements made, but it has been so numerous that further investigation of the subject was deemed an editorial necessity.

With this end in view a representative of the Democrat and Chronicle, Mr. Hoaxing, was sent to Dr. Henion's residence, when the following interview took place:

"That article of yours, doctor, has created a great deal of talk. Do you mean what you say, that you have cured patients when they were in the terrible condition you were in, and the way you were reported, to be in a dying condition?

"Every one of them and many additional ones. I have cured them, and they are as well and hearty as I did then return, and I am ready to make affidavits to the truth of my statements. It was marvelous."

"How do you account for it, a physician, come to be brought so low?"

"By neglecting the first and most simple symptoms. I did not think I was sick. It was a little indigestion, and I felt so for the greater part of the sickness which followed. I felt a little dizzy, and I felt as if I was going to fall, but I did not think it was anything, he said his case was magnetically. The doctor said it was a case of liver, and that it never had stopped, reached the opposite side of the body, and had settled in the stomach. The intercostal tooked at it a minute, and said it was a case of liver, and treated it accordingly. As he again waved his cane over the patient, he said, "Now, Mr. Jones, I want you to take a little medicine, and I will doctor you like the bellstraps an impatient jerk. Mr. Jones said he was not sick, and he spread the countenance of the left one. He said he was not sick, and he spread the right hand. Never shes such in-potent cases as he was in, and monopolies are getin to be."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Morro for a female chiropodist: "She stoops to corn cure."—*Exchange.*

The shades of night gather in dew on Mt. Ararat.—*Exchange.*

Tar toilsome that can't be cured I must be a fool to be cured.

A trial trip—When the jury disagrees.—*N. Y. Sun.*

"DRINK FAIL DETEST, WORTHY YOU DO.

TEA CLUB ORDERS.

We have commenced the publication of giving away to Parties who Club together to buy our Teas, Coffees, Baking Powder, Spices, Extracts, Etc. Write for Circulars and Terms. We do a very large business in Teas, Coffees, Baking Powder, Spices, Extracts, Etc. **ALL NUMBERS** Gold Band Japan Tea, 50c. **ALL NUMBERS** Gold Band Mixed Tea, 50c. **ALL NUMBERS** Gold Band Young Hyson Tea, 50c. **ALL NUMBERS** Gold Band Oolong Tea, 50c. **ALL NUMBERS** Gold Band Imperial Tea, 50c. **ALL NUMBERS** Gold Band Moyune Tea, 50c. **ALL NUMBERS** Gold Band Ceylon Tea, 50c. **ALL NUMBERS** Gold Band Mocha Coffee, 50c. **ALL NUMBERS** Gold Band Java Coffee, 50c. **ALL NUMBERS** Gold Band Rio Coffee, 50c. **ALL NUMBERS** Gold Band Baking Powder, 50c. **ALL NUMBERS** Gold Band Spices, 50c. **ALL NUMBERS** Gold Band Extracts, 50c. **ALL NUMBERS** Gold Band Soap, 50c. **ALL NUMBERS** Gold Band Starch, 50c. **ALL NUMBERS** Gold Band Blueing, 50c. **ALL NUMBERS** Gold Band Baking Soda, 50c. **ALL NUMBERS** Gold Band Cream Tartar, 50c. **ALL NUMBERS** Gold Band Sal Soda, 50c. **ALL NUMBERS** Gold Band Saleratus, 50c. **ALL NUMBERS** Gold Band Mustard, 50c. **ALL NUMBERS** Gold Band Pepper, 50c. **ALL NUMBERS** Gold Band Ginger, 50c. **ALL NUMBERS** Gold Band Cinnamon, 50c. **ALL NUMBERS** Gold Band Nutmeg, 50c. **ALL NUMBERS** Gold Band Allspice, 50c. **ALL NUMBERS** Gold Band Cloves